A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Humphrey could not hear all that was said, but a word fell upon his ear from time to time, and as he pieced these words together it seemed as if the speaker were declaiming against tyranny and oppression, and calling upon his hearers to help him to put an end to the state of affairs existing.

Then came an excited outburst, as the speaker must have turned his face toward the door, for these words came plainly:

"The end of it will be that they'll escape, and bring a man-of-war down upon us, and all through his fooling."

A murmur arose.

"He's gone mad, I tell you all; and if you like to choose a captain for yourselves, choose one, and I'll follow him like a man; but it's time something was done if we want to live."

Another burst of murmurs rose here.

"He's mad, I tell you, or he wouldn't keep him like that. So what's it to be, my lads, a new captain or the yard-arm?"

CHAPTER XIII.

The time glided on, and Humphrey always knew when his captor was at sea, for the severity of his imprisonment was then most felt. The lieutenant, Mazzard, was always left in charge of the place, but Bart remained behind by the captain's orders, and at these times Humphrey was sternly ordered to keep to his prison.

Dinny came and went, but, try him how he would, Humphrey could get nothing from him for days and days.

The tide turned at last.

"Well, sor," said Dinny one morning, "I've been thinking it over a great dale. I don't like desarting the captain, who has been like a brother to me; but there's Misthress Greenheys, and love's a wonderful excuse for a many things."

More days passed, and every stroll outside his prison had to be taken by Humphrey with Bart as close to him as his shadow.

Dinny kept away again, and the plan to escape might as well have never been uttered.

Bart always went well armed with his prisoner, and seemed unusually suspicious, as if fearing an attempt at escape.

Dinny's little widow came no more, and the hours grew so irksome with the confinement consequent upon the captain's absence that Bart longed for his return.

One morning Bart's manner showed that something had occurred. His sour face wore a smile, and he was evidently greatly relieved of his responsibility as he said to the prisoner:

"There, you can go out."

"Has the captain returned?"

Bart delivered himself of a short nod.

"Tell him I wish to see him. Bid him come here."

"What! the skipper? You mean, ask him if I may take you to him, and he'll see you."

"I said, Tell your skipper to come here!" said Humphrey, drawing himself up as if he were on the quarterdeck. "Tell him I wish to see him at once."

Bart drew a long breath. Then, smiling grimly, he slowly left the place.

The buccaneer, who looked anxious and dispirited, was listening to some complaint made by his lieutenant, and angry words were passing which made Bart as he heard them hasten his steps, and look sharply from one to the other as he entered.

Black Mazzard scowled, his face being villainous without.

"Well," he said aloud, "I've warned you!" and he strode out of the old chamber which formed the captain's quarters.

"You two been quarreling?" said Bart, sharply.

"The dog's insolence is worse than ever!" cried the captain, with flashing eyes. "Bart, I don't want to shed the blood of the man who has been my officer, but——"

"Let someone else bleed him," growled Bart. "Dick would; Dinny would give anything to do it. We're 'bout tired of him. I should like the job myself."

"Silence!" said the captain, sternly. "No, speak; tell me, what has been going on since I've been away?"

"Black Mazzard?"

The captain nodded.

"Half the time he's spent in the south ruins preaching to the men."

"Preaching?"

"Yes, with you for a text. Just in his old way; but I've been too busy with the prisoner. He wants you!"

The buccaneer sprang to his feet.

"He wants me—he has sent for me?" he cried, eagerly.

"You'll go?"

"Yes. Perhaps he has something to say in answer to an offer I made."

"An offer?"

"Yes, Bart, to join us, and be one of my lieutenants."

"Join us, and be your lieutenant?" cried Bart.

"Yes, my friend. I like him for the sake of his old generous ways, and I like him for his present manliness."

"You—like him?"

"Yes. It is not impossible, is it, that I should like to have a friend?"

"Friend?"

"Yes!" said the captain, sternly; "another friend! Don't stare, man, and think of the past. Mary Dell died, and Abel Dell still lives—Commodore Junk, seeking to take vengeance upon those who cut that young life short."

"Look here," said Bart, who gasped as he listened to his companion's wild utterances; "are you going mad?"

"No, Bart; I am as sane as you."

"But, you said——"

"What I choose to say, man. Let me believe all that if I like. Do you suppose I do not want some shield against the stings of my own thoughts? I choose to think all that and it shall be so. You shall think it too. I am Commodore Junk, and if I wish this man to be my friend, and he consents, it shall be so!"

Humphrey was beginning to feel the thrill of returning strength in his veins, and it brought with it his old independence of spirit and the memory that he had been trained to rule. His little episode with Bart that morning had roused him a little, and prepared him for his encounter with the buccaneer captain, upon whom he felt he was about to confer a favor.

A smile played about his lips as a step drew nearer. The buccaneer entered the chamber. He stood gazing down at the handsome, manly figure of his prisoner. Then a frown puckered his brow, and he said, quietly:

"Asleep?"

"No," said Humphrey; "no, my good fellow. I was only thinking."

The buccaneer frowned a little more heavily as he listened to his prisoner's cool, careless words, and felt the contemptuous tone in which he was addressed.

"You sent for me," he said, harshly, and his voice sounded coarse and rough.

"Well," said Humphrey, with insolent contempt, "how many ships have you plundered—how many throats have you cut this voyage?"

The buccaneer's eyes seemed to flash as he took a step forward, and made an angry gesture. But he checked himself on the instant, and, with a faint smile, replied:

"Captain Armstrong is disposed to be merry. Why have you sent for me?"

"Merry!" said Humphrey, still ignoring the question; "one need be, shut up in this tomb. Well, you are back again?"

"Yes, I am back again," said the buccaneer, smoothing his brow, and declining to be angry with his prisoner for his insulting way. "It is but the pecking of a prisoned bird," he said to himself.

"And not been caught and hanged yet? I was in hope that I had seen the last of you."

"I have heard tell before of prisoners reviling their captors," said the buccaneer, quietly.

"Revile! Well, is it not your portion?"

"For treating you with the consideration due to a gentleman?" said the buccaneer, whose features grew more calm and whose eyes brightened as if from satisfaction at finding the prisoner so cool and daring, and in how little account he was held. "I have given orders that the prisoner should be treated well. Is there anything more I can do?"

The harsh, grating voice had grown soft, deep, rich and mellow, while the dark, flashing eyes seemed to have become dreamy as they rested upon the prisoner's handsome, defiant face.

"Yes," said Humphrey, bitterly; "give me my liberty."

The buccaneer shook his head.

"Curse you! No; you profess to serve me—to treat me well—and you keep me here barred up like some wild beast whom you have caged."

"Barred—caged!" said the buccaneer, raising his eyebrows. "You have freedom to wander where you will."

"Bah! freedom!" cried Humphrey, springing up. "Curse you! why don't I strangle you where you stand?"

At that moment there was a rustling among the leaves outside the window, and Humphrey burst into a mocking laugh.

"How brave!" he cried. "The buccaneer captain comes to see his unarmed prisoner, and his guards wait outside the doorway, while another party stop by the window, ready to spring in."

The buccaneer's face turned of a deep, dull red—the glow of annoyance, as he strode to the window and exclaimed fiercely:

"Why are you here? Go!"

"But——"

"Go, Bart," said the buccaneer, more quietly. "Captain Armstrong will not injure me."

There was a heavy rustling sound among the leaves and the buccaneer made as if to go to the great curtain, but he checked himself, turned, and said, smiling sadly:

"Captain Armstrong will believe me when I tell him that there is no one out there. Come, sir, you have sent for me. You have thought well upon all I said. All this has been so much angry petulance, and you are ready to take me by the hand—to become my friend. No, no; hear me You do not think of what your life here may be."

"That of a pirate—a murderer!" cried Humphrey, scornfully.

"No," said the buccaneer, flushing once more. "I am rich. All that can be something of the past. This land is mine, and here we can raise up a new nation, for my followers are devoted to me. Come! are we to be friends?"

"Friends!" cried Humphrey, scornfully—"a new nation—your people devoted—why, man, I sent for you to warn you!"

"You—to warn me?"

"Yes. One of your followers is plotting against you. He has been addressing your men; and if you don't take care you will be elevated over your people in a way more lofty than pleasant to the king of a new nation."

"I understand your sneers, sir," said the buccaneer, quietly; and there was more sadness than anger in his tone. "They are unworthy of the brave man who has warned me of a coming danger, and they are from your lips, sir, not from the heart of the grave adversary I have vowed to make my friend."

Humphrey winced, for the calm, reproachful tone roused him, and he stood there frowning as the buccaneer went on.

"As to the plotting against me, I am always prepared for that. A man in my position makes many enemies. Even you have yours."

"Yes—you," cried Humphrey.

"No; I am a friend. There, I thank you for your warning. It is a proof, though you do not know it, that the gap between us grows less. Some day, Captain Armstrong, you will take my hand. We shall be friends."

Humphrey remained silent as the buccaneer left the chamber, and, once more alone, the prisoner asked himself if this was true—that he had really bidden farewell to civilization forever, and this was to be his home, this strange compound of savage fierceness and gentle friendliness his companion to the end?

CHAPTER XIV.

Humphrey Armstrong walked on blindly further and further into the forest, for he was moved more deeply than ever he had been moved before. The presence of this man was hateful to him, and yet he seemed to possess an influence that was inexplicable; and his soft, deep tones rang in his ears now he was away.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "what an end to an officer's career—the lieutenant of a wreached pirate king! New nation! Bah! what madness!"

He sat down with his head resting upon his hand, gazing back along the narrow path, when, to his horror, just coming into view, he saw the figure of the buccaneer approaching, with head bent and arms crossed over his chest, evidently deep in thought.

Humphrey started up and backed away round a curve before turning, and walked swiftly along the path, looking eagerly for a track by which he could avoid another encounter, when for the first time he became aware of the fact that he was in the way leading to an old temple which had been formed into a mausoleum, and, unless he should be able to find another path, bound for the ancient structure. He climbed up the doorway and looked back.

All was silent and dim as he stooped and entered, stepping cautiously on, and then, as soon as well sheltered, turning to gaze back. Just then the buccaneer came into sight and walked slowly toward the old temple. There was no time for further hesitation. He must either boldly meet the buccaneer or hide.

He chose the latter course, stepping cautiously into one of the recesses behind a sitting figure, where he could stand in complete darkness and wait till the buccaneer had gone.

The latter entered the next moment, and Humphrey felt half mad with himself at his spy-like conduct, for as he saw dimly the figure enter, he heard a low, piteous moan, and saw him throw himself upon his knees beside a draped coffin, his hands clasped, and his frame bending with emotion, as in a broken voice he prayed aloud.

His words were incoherent, and but few of the utterances reached the listening man's ears, as he bit his lips with anger, and then listened with wonder at what seemed a strange revelation of character.

"Oh, give me strength!" he murmured. "I swore revenge—on all—for the wrongs—for the death—loved—strength to fight down this weakness—to be—self—for strength—for strength—to live—revenge—death."

The last word of these agonized utterances was still quivering upon the air as if it had been torn from the speaker's breast, when the dimly seen doorway was suddenly darkened and there was a quick movement.

Humphrey Armstrong's position was one which enabled him, faint as was the light, to see everything—the draped coffin, the kneeling figure bent over it, and a great crouching form stealing softly behind, as if gathering for a spring.

There was the dull gleam of steel uplifted by the figure bending over the buccaneer. Assassination, without doubt. The moment of peril had come, lightly as it had been treated, and, stirred to the heart by the treachery and horror of the deed intended, Humphrey sprang from his place of concealment, struck the buccaneer's assailant full in the chest, and they rolled over together on the temple floord.

"Quick, lads, help!" shouted the man whom Humphrey had seized, and two companions rushed in for a general melee to ensue at terrible disadvantage, for the assailants were armed with knives and those they assailed defenseless as to weapons.

Humphrey knew this to his cost in the quick struggle which ensued. He had writhed round as he struggled with the would-be murderer, and contrived to get uppermost, when a keen sense of pain passing through one of his arms, made him loosen his hold for a moment, and the next he was dashed back.

He sprang up, though, to seize his assailant, stung by the pain into a fit of savage rage, when, as he clasped an enemy, he found that it was not his first antagonist, but a lesser man, with whom he closed fiercely just as the fellow was striving to get out of the doorway—a purpose he effected, dragging Humphrey with him.

The passage was darker than the inner temple, where hoarse panting and the sounds of contention were still going on, oaths, curses and commands uttered in a savage voice to "Give it him now!"—"Now strike, you fool!"—"Curse him, he's like an eel!"—and the like came confusedly through the doorway, as, smarting with pain and grinding his teeth with rage, Humphrey struggled on in the passage, savagely determined to retain this one a prisoner, as he fought to get the mastery of the knife.

How it all occurred was more than he could afterward clearly arrange in his own mind; what he could recall was that the pain weakened him, and the man with whom he struggled wrenched his left arm free, snatched the knife he held from his right hand, and would have plunged it into Humphrey's breast had not the latter struck him a sharp blow upward in the face so vigorously that the knife fell tinkling on the ground, and the struggle was resumed upon more equal terms.

It was a matter of less than a minute, during which Humphrey fought less for life than to master his assailant and keep him a prisoner. They had been down twice, tripping over the stone-strewn pavement, and once Humphrey had been forced against the wall, but by a sudden spring he had driven his opponent backward, and they were struggling in the middle of the opening, when a wild shriek rank out from the inner temple—a cry which seemed to curdle the young officer's blood—and this was followed by a rush of someone escaping.

His retreat was only witnessed by one, for the struggle was continued on the floor. The two adversaries, locked in a tight embrace, strove to reach their feet, and, panting and weak, Humphrey had nearly succeeded in so doing, when his foe forced him backward, and he fell to cling to the ragged stonework.

For as he was driven back the flooring seemed to crumble away beneath his feet; there was a terrible jerk, and he found himself hanging by his hands, his enemy clinging to him still, and the weight upon his muscles seeming as if it would tear them apart. In the hurry and excitement Humphrey could hardly comprehend his position for the moment. The next he understood it too well, for the stone which had given way fell with a hideous, echoing noise, which came from a terrible distance below.

Almost in total darkness, his hands cramped into the interval between two masses of broken stone which formed part of the debris of the roof above, hanging over a hideous gulf at the full stretch of his arms, and with his adversary's hands fixed talon-like in garb and dress as he strove to clamber up him to the floor above.

At every three, as the man strove to grip Humphrey with his knees and climb up, some fragment of stone rushed down, to fall far beneath, splashing and echoing with a repetition of sounds that robbed him of such strength as remained to him, and a dreamy sensation came on apace.

"It is the end," thought Humphrey, for his fingers felt as if they were yielding, and in another minute he knew that he must fall, when the grip upon him increased, and the man who clung uttered a hoarse yell for help.

"Quick!" he shrieked. "I'm letting go!"

But at that instant something dark seemed to come between him and the gleaming wet stone away above him in the roof, and then there was quite an avalanche of small stones gliding by.

(To be continued.)

WISE AND UNWISE COACHING.

Superiority of the English Method Over the American.

The Englishman perhaps understands better than the American that in endeavoring to get the best possible work out of men in athletic training, care must be taken not to make them nervous. The English "coach" talks pleasantly to his men, and in the course of an afternoon on the river they get a fairly good idea of the required stroke. The American, according to John Corbin, the author of "An American at Oxford," is likely to be brusque, if not violent. He says:

When I tried for the freshman crew in America, I was put, with seven other unfortunates, into a huge clinker barge, in charge of the sophomore coxswain. On the first day I was told to mind the angle on my oar.

The third day the coxswain wrought himself into a fury, and swore at me for not keeping the proper angle. When I glanced out at my blade he yelled:

"Keep your eyes in the boat!" again with an oath.

This upset me so that I forgot thereafter to keep a flat back at the finish of the stroke. When we touched the float he jumped out, looked at my back, brought his boot against it sharply, and told me there was no use in trying to row unless I could hold a flat back and swing my body between my knees.

That night I sat on a dictionary with my feet against the foot-board, and tried these injunctions until my back seemed torn into fillets; but it would not come flat. I never went down to the river again, and it was two years before I summoned courage to try another sport.

ANNUAL SLAUGHTER

On American Railroads Exceeds Number of Casualties in Two Wars.

In the first three months of the year 813 persons were killed and 9,958 wounded by railroad collisions and accidents of all kinds. Of this total 53 passengers only were killed and 826 injured; all the rest were railroad employes.

This large crop of deaths and wounds was the fruit of 1,220 collisions and 838 derailments. These figures are made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission. They cover only a quarter of a year. Multiplied by four, we get these as the probable totals for the full year: Killed, 3,252; wounded, 39,832.

That is to say, a larger number of persons are killed every year on our railroads than were killed in the war with Great Britain from 1812 to 1815 and the war with Mexico from 1846 to 1848 added together, and five times as many are wounded as were wounded in both those historic conflicts. Yet if these figures for 1902 are not exceeded they will be a marked improvement over those for 1900, in which year 7,855 persons were killed and 50,320 wounded on United States railroads, which exceeded the combined totals of the Union soldiers killed and wounded in the terrific battles of Antietam, Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

Surely peace hath her sacrifices no less shocking than war. Is it not possible to make railroad operation less destructive of human life and limb?—New York World.

Enthusiasm of a Dying Scientist.

The first penguin we met, says Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, in Leslie's Monthly, arrived on the 14th of October, 1899, at Cape Adair, in South Victoria Land, thus long before the ice had broken up. I killed him at the request of my zoologist, who was dying at the time. The man knew that his death was only a question of hours, but he had looked forward to the arrival of the birds, and the news of this first arrival excited him. He begged us to kill and dissect the bird before him, although he himself was to follow the bird into the mystery of death half an hour afterwards, and he knew it. He showed the utmost interest in the operation, and dictated scientific notes as he watched it till within fifteen minutes of his dissolution.

Doubtful.

"No," said the capitalist, "I shall not invest in your invention. I very seriously question its practicability and its importance."

"For what reason?"

"Because no one has come forward with a claim that you stole it from him."—Washington Star.

Fuel Scarce in Mexico.

One of the greatesft drawbacks in Mexico is the scarcity of fuel. Hopes are placed in the probable discovery of oil in paying quantities.

A Natural Accompaniment.

Oaths were constantly heard in society in London 100 years ago. With the introduction of golf they are again becoming fashionable.

When two cats pull off a fight after dark they scratch a match.

The Training of Tip

The performance was over and the proprietor of the dog and pony show requested the audience to remain a few moments while he said a few words:

"Now, boys, you have all seen what my dogs can do. Will you be surprised when I tell you that some of your dogs can do the same things? Now, then, I am coming here again in six months. If any of you can, by that time, train a dog to stand on its head, play dead or dance, I will give him fifty dollars for the dog.

"I took notice that you were particularly pleased with the little dog that played the part of a policeman. Eighteen months ago I bought him from a little boy. I paid seventy-five dollars for him, but now five hundred dollars could not buy him. Your dog may be as easy to train as he was; try it.

"Here are some little pamphlets telling you how to care for and train dogs; they are only five cents apiece; who'll buy?"

The boys of Belltown raised a great shout when Tom Bowen stepped forward and handed the man a nickel. Tom's dog had the reputation of being the nearest to a good-for-nothing in town; but Tom loved him and believed in him when no one else did. He acknowledged that the animal was no bird dog, although its mother had been a famous setter; neither was he a watch dog; and he was mortally afraid of cats—a fault which, all boys know, places a dog away down below par.

TIP DOING THE DANCE.

Tom's brother Ned owned a magnificent maltese, which answered to the musical name of Muziah. If Tip possessed a pet aversion, it certainly was this same Muziah. When the table scraps were scraped out into an old pan, he stood afar off until the mighty Muziah ate all the choice bits and all the plainer fare that he could hold.

Then—if there were any left—he would be permitted to slink up and carry the remaining bits behind the woodpile.

When Tom went home from the show he called Tip, and the two repaired to the hayloft, where the dog was duly informed of what was in store for him. A rusty red tail wagged acquiescence and the training of Tip was begun.

Tom made a secret bargain with his mother, consequently the price of a new pair of pants was in his pocket next morning. As Tom and Ned started for school, Ned was not long in discovering a good-sized patch on the seat of Tom's trousers. "I say, Tom! what's up? How came you with those old breeches on? Didn't father get you any new ones?"

Tom shook his head, ran his hand back over the patched part of his apparel, and said, "Oh, that's all right! I can't see it, you know." When Tom reached the playground, he was made the butt of much good-natured fun. However, the thought of what his purse contained and its purpose comforted him.

Thereafter, for weeks, Tip was fed on fresh meat in the hayloft, while, outside, Muziah whined pitifully. No one knew excepting Tom and Tip what went on in that hayloft. The mother had a pretty good idea; but, you know, mothers never give you away.

Tom wore patched clothes to school all winter, and was always on the lookout for small jobs, whereby he might earn a nickel, or, perchance, a dime. The butcher down on the corner got all of Tom's earnings, and Tip waxed fat on the best the butcher had.

At last spring came, and with it the dog and pony show. With beating heart Tom took Tip around to the tent specified for candidates How relieved he was when he found that the trial was to be made before no one but the kind faced professor himself! Tip went through the ordeal right bravely, and was locked up with a porterhouse steak, while Tom went in to witness the afternoon performance.

After it was over the proprietor announced that he had bought one Belltown dog from Master Thomas Bowen, who would come forward and show what the dog could do and then receive his fifty dollars.

What an excitement there was among the boys, as Tom took a seat on the platform and began playing a lively tune on a French harp. The red curtains parted and in rushed Tip. After a gesture from Tom, he raised himself on his hind legs and began to dance. That was all; but he did it well.

How the crowd cheered as Tom pocketed the fifty dollars. Then he went behind the curtains with Tip to bid him a long farewell.

The Flora of Alaska.

According to a report of the special agent of the Department of Agriculture in charge of Alaska investigations, a traveler may go from one end of the Yukon to the other in summer without seeing snow. On the other hand, vegetation, large forests, and wild raspberries, red currants, huckleberries and cranberries will be found in profusion. In places the grass grows as high as a man's head. There are several places along the coast, at the Sitka and Kenai experiment stations, and at many points in the interior, where practically all of the cereals of the temperate zone, most of the vegetables, and a considerable variety of cultivated flowers have been grown with much success for several years. Fine spring wheat has been raised at Sitka for three years past. At Rampart, sixty-five degrees north latitude, winter rye sown in the autumn came out in the spring in perfect condition, though the temperature fell to seventy degrees below zero in the winter; the grain matured by Aug. 1. Barley sown in May was ripe by the middle of August. Oats and potatoes thrive in many places. Cattle are kept at every considerable settlement, except at Nome. The Alaska Commercial Company has for many years kept cattle, sheep, and Angora goats at Kokalk, they requiring but little food or shelter, except in an occasional storm during the winter.

JEWS WHO WEAR PIGTAILS.

Hebraic Colony in China Who Have Forgotten Even Their Ritual.

It is not generally known that there is a colony of Jews in China—Jews who wear pigtails, bear Chinese names and speak the Chinese language exclusively and who have forgotten the God of their fathers and neglected their ancient ritual of worship until it has been entirely lost to them. But there is such a colony, and its people have puzzled oriental scholars for many years.

Recently it has been established that they entered China—or, rather, their progenitors did—about the year 319 A. D., in the reign of the Emperor Mingte II., and formed a colony about 700 miles from Shanghai, on the Hoanghe, or Yellow river.

At one time these Jews were a power in the land. Their city grew in population until its inhabitants numbered about 5,000 Jews alone, and they became so wealthy that they were able to loan money to the Emperor, who so esteemed them that he built for them a synagogue. Two of them, whose names have been lost in the passing years, were especially honored by the emperor. One he made the treasurer of a great province and the other was a general in the imperial army.

In the golden days of Judaism in China they prospered, and when their magnificent temple was destroyed by fire they rebuilt it in greater magnificence. In a land where there are many fine temples theirs was one of the most splendid. It was 350 feet long and 150 feet wide.

To-day their temple is a mass of ruins. Stone by stone, almost, it has been torn down by those whose care it should have been to preserve it. The story, even among the heathen, is that they forgot the worship of their God and He forgot them. They grew poorer and poorer with the advancing years during which they failed to keep the Sabbath of their religion and were finally forced to sell all they had for food and clothing. Stone by stone, almost, their temple was demolished, to be sold to builders or other temples and houses; their sacred books were disposed of for what money they would bring; they had no place for worship, and gradually their religious rites were forgotten and even their language so neglected that it has now become a mere memory and they themselves a people lost among the heathen of the Orient.

They are only a handful now, Chinamen in all that outwardly marks one of that nation, says the New York Tribune, except that every one bears the facial characteristics of the Jews. There is a trace of their old religion left, but so very little and so garbled and mixed with the religion of the land that only experts can detect it.

PRICE WAS A KISS.

Young Man Had an Excellent Chance to Buy a Dog.

A handsome bachelor of Baltimore, well known in social and educational circles, acknowledges the truth of the following story: He was driving with a very pretty and attractive young women, when on the outskirts of the city they met a lad of about 12 years leading by a chain a singularly ugly but finely bred bull terrier. The pretty girl went into raptures over the dog, and her escort determined the animal should be hers.

"Say, sonny," he called, "what will you take for your dog?"

"Nawthing," replied the lad.

"Nonsense," cried Mr. Blank, "here's $5 for him."

"No, I won't. This here dog ain't for sale."

"Ten," said Mr. Blank, and then, growing desperate, "fifteen, twenty." But the owner still refused.

All the time the conversation was going on the youth, although talking to the man in the buggy, kept his eyes fixed on the other occupant of the vehicle, and at last he said, gravely:

"I don't want yer money, but if you'll just give that lady there a kiss you may have the dog."

Mr. Blank was speechless. He stared at the boy an instant and then put the whip to his horse, starting him off at a run.

The story goes that a mile was gone over without a word being spoken when as the horse's rapid gait became slower as it turned down a country lane the pretty girl turned ever so slightly and said, shyly: "Oh! Mr Blank, why don't you buy that dog?"—Baltimore Sun.